

## The Dawn of the Year.

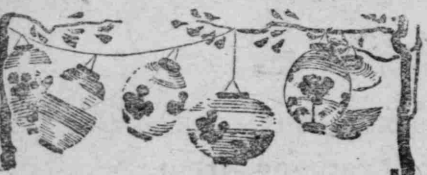
Beside the gate of opening year,  
While looking at its prospects fair,  
I wish you every blessing, dear,  
Whose beauty haunts me everywhere;  
My heart goes out with throbs of pain—  
Breaching deep the heavens above—  
That you may every gladness gain,  
With purest peace and smile of love!

Ah! sweet as rose that greets the June,  
Is your heart's love, I surely know,  
And like the springtide's rhythmic tune  
The words that from your presence flow—  
All deeper than the deepest sea—  
All higher than the sky above—  
Is love my darling holds for me,  
Within the kingdom of her love!

Beside the portals of the year,  
I wish you plenitude of grace,  
May all the world befriend you, dear,  
And bless the beauty of your face;  
For like a song at requital,  
Like tender tones of cooing dove,  
Are you my soul's delight and pride,  
The queen of all my heart can love!

## New Year's Day in China

By Rev. Frederick Poole.



The Chinese boys and girls—especially the boys—get lots of fun out of their yearly festivals, and the littleurchins look forward to their holiday times with as much glee and happiness as does *Fanny Adams* in the Fourth of July, Decoration day, Washington's Birthday, Christmas and New Year's.

There is the Lantern Festival, when all turn out to witness the brilliant display, for the whole country is ablaze with the light of thousands of paper lanterns made in all sorts of fancy shapes. Then there is the Moon Festival, when they worship the moon, and the little pig-tailed boy and his chubby, small-footed sister look up and see, not a man, but a toad, in the moon; for there is a story of a beautiful Chinese lady who drank some medicine which would keep her free from death, and then went to the moon, where she was turned into a toad, and ever since the Chinese have seen a "toad in the moon."

But perhaps the chief reason why the little folks in China look forward to the Moon Festival is because they get all they want of those little moon-shaped cakes which are made only for this occasion. They are very prettily decorated, but oh! so awfully indigestible that the next day the little fellows who are suffering from stomach ache are apt to think that there was a toad in the cake instead of the moon.

The Chinese boys and girls may never have heard of George Washington and the holiday we keep in memory of the Father of his Country, but they know all about the wise and good Chinese official who lived about 450 years before our first Christmas, and who was scolded and degraded by an ungrateful emperor, so that in sorrow and disgrace he drowned himself. Well, his body was never found; and so, to keep his memory, the Chinese, once a year, ever since, have had a Dragon Boat Festival, and the children go out in swarms to see the long boat processions on the rivers, and to watch the offerings of rice and other foods as they are placed on the waters for the benefit of the spirit of the lost minister of state.

But the great day of all days for the children in China is New Year's Day. I think, if you were to ask a little Chinese boy what he meant by "New Year's," he would say: "Noise, and plenty of it." For weeks the Chinese are preparing for this great event. Houses are cleaned, and the shopkeeper looks forward to it with great satisfaction, because he knows that his customers, if they have any self-respect, will be sure to pay their debts before the new year; for it is considered a great disgrace to start the new year in debt.

The Chinese know nothing about Christmas, because, you know, that beautiful holiday belongs only to Christian countries.

By the way, boys, ask your father which comes first, Christmas or New Year's. He is sure to say "Christmas," and then you can laugh, and tell him that he is wrong.

Well, New Year's ever comes first in China, and, dear me, what a time of frolic and nervous expectancy it is for the little slant-eyed boys and girls! Lots of firecrackers are laid by in readiness, but none must be let off before the proper time.

Nobody goes to bed that night, but all sit up waiting for the first hour of the new day, when the father, and his wife and little ones, all worship before the spirit tables of their ancestors, and then at the shrine of the household gods.

Then the door is opened, and the whole family and servants go out outside and bow down to a certain part in the heavens which has been indicated in the Chinese calendar, and so worship heaven and earth, and receive the spirit of gladness and good fortune, which, they say, comes from that quarter of the heavens.

Then the noise begins, and when I was in China I often used to think that it was

a good thing that the country was so big, for every one of the 400,000,000 are setting off firecrackers at the same time. This is to frighten away evil spirits, and I have thought many a time that those spirits must have a bad time of it during the dawn of the Chinese New Year. If the Chinese had been present at the time that Admiral Sampson's guns had their bad coughing spell before the hills of Santiago on a certain day in July, they would have clapped their hands, and cried: "Good, good! Just like our New Year's!"

Yet, notwithstanding the noise, I always liked the New Year's in China, for after the first day the noise stops, and the shops are all closed for one or two weeks, for it is unlucky to do business during the birth of the new year (except at the back door—but don't say anything about this).

Then, too, we Americans could walk along the streets for once in the year feeling sure that nobody would curse us, or call us "foreign devils," for it is unlucky to use that bad word at such a happy time. Dear me, how I wish that New Year's would last 12 months!

But the first day has come, and the little Chinese children get ready to enjoy it for all it is worth. They are dressed in their best and gaudiest clothes, which are only worn on this occasion. The father has got from the pawn shop his finest silk gowns, which that obliging "relative" has taken good care of during the past 12 months, and, thus splendidly attired, the proud father and his little boys start out on a little visiting trip to his relatives and friends, to "Kung Hi, Fah Tsai,"—wish them a happy new year and many riches.

"What," you say, "don't the little girls go, too?"

No; they must stay at home, because the little girl is not so important as her brother, and, besides, she would have difficulty in walking far in her tiny "golden lily" shoes, which do not measure more than three inches in length.

But what a day it is for the little boy! He has already got his first present when Santa Claus, that is to say, the boy's father (same thing, you see, as in this country), gave him a little string of copper cash tied on a red cord; for it is unlucky to start the New Year without any money in your pocket, and that is something both you and I agree with— isn't it?

But our little Chinese boy could never carry home all the money that is given to him, for it is the custom for every one whom he visits to give him presents of money, as well as candy and cakes. Of course, the father takes charge of this—I mean the money—and I have often wondered if his little son ever sees his money presents again. I really think that a little Chinese boy must be a good investment for his father on New Year's Day in China.

But the visiting is soon over, and then the little Chinaman is off, sometimes with his sister, to see the sights in the streets. They look at the peep shows and the Punch-and-Judy shows—which, by the way, is a Chinese invention. They spin their tops and fly their kites, until the sound of gongs and drums tells them that there is a theater or a juggling show somewhere near, and off they go, and soon are to be found in the front row, clapping their hands in childish glee at the funny antics of the performers, until the man comes round with the hat, and then there is a patter of small feet as the youngsters scurry away, for the Chinese boys have no use for the hat—like some other boys I know.

But twilight finds the tired little folks at home, for they are afraid to be out at dark; and little John Chinaman closes the day in eating sweets, or in taking his turn at beating the unmusical gong, or in diving among the mass of red paper in the courtyard, where the fireworks were let off by his father and big brothers, in search for unexploded single crackers, which he at once puts to their proper use, until, tired out with his day's exertions, he is put to bed, and is soon sound asleep, dreaming of cakes and candy, copper cash, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and "Cr-cr-crack—bing—bang—boom!"—Sunday School Times.

## TIME FOR RESOLUTIONS.

They Come as a Happy Thought at the End of the Dead Year.

Oh, dear, another year gone, life slipping by, a herd of old mistakes, faults, trooping out the portals of the old, dead, used-up year into the new. It is uncomfortable. Banish them, wave them back!

With what force?

Ah, a happy thought—fresh resolutions! They stand beside one instantly—that Aladdin's lamp of belief in yourself is a remarkable "stunt." The crisp, brand new fairies smile at the ancient, ghostly crew, and with their shining crowns, and soft-muttering, the ragged lot sink to the shadows of the things we try not to remember.

We do this every year, forgetting that we have told the same story time after time and that the law of consecutive justice rolls on serenely while we babble and remain ourselves.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## In the New Year.

Let us not be unjust, angelic, selfish, pushing, grasping, vain, hard, pessimistic. Let us get the best out of friends and workers, not by pinching them down, but encouraging them up. Let us be true and without fear. Answer our letters, keep gratitude as the foremost impulse, pay our bills, and say our prayers.

## As Usual.

She—What kind of Christmas present shall I buy you while I am out, dear?

He—Oh, any cheap trifle, Maria. Remember, I can't afford to spend much this year.—Woman's Home Companion.

## COLLEGE BOYS EARN \$74,000

Students at Columbia University Increase Earnings of Year by \$16,244—Law School Leads.

Working their way through college, students at Columbia university last year earned in various ways \$74,021.17, against \$57,776.57 the year previous, a gain of \$16,244.60.

Since the students' aid committee was organized ten years ago the earning ability of the college boys has shown a remarkable increase. In the first year '67 earned \$2,411; last year 508 gathered together \$74,021.17. The total earned with the aid of the committee was \$24,452.10; without its aid, \$49,569.07. Of the 508 who applied for aid only 360 made reports of their work; about 40 said that they had earned nothing; while 37 made no report of specific earnings.

The ways in which students earn money are as various as their abilities. The 85 different occupations reported varied all the way from bell boy, driver, laborer, conductor, clerk and stenographer to electrician, draughtsman, teacher and lay reader. The most remunerative employment was tutoring, life-insurance soliciting and directing gymnasium work. The embryo lawyers made more money than students in any other course.

The committee is anxious to have some one come forward and establish a loan fund, the interest of which is to be applied to the relief of deserving students, as supplementary to the work of the committee. The value of this, in cases where immediate relief is imperative, would be great.

## CHARM SPIRIT OF MOUNTAIN

Superstitious Workmen in Alps Tunnel Carry Blessed Herbs to Drive Off Evil.

The engineers of the Simplon tunnel, through the Alps, are duplicating the cooling and draining machinery, and hope to be able to resume boring early in November.

In spite of the great difficulties to be overcome through hot springs, they predict that the remaining 200 yards of rock will have been pierced by the end of the year.

Ever since the first serious inrush of water three years ago the workmen engaged on the Domo d'Ossola, or Italian side, have had a superstitious dread that the spirit of the mountain was averse to the desecration of its home. Many of them have in consequence been in the habit of taking little bunches of blessed herbs and sacred palm, small flasks of holy water, and tiny images of their patron saints to their work.

Though boring is at present suspended, the work of preparing the tunnel for rail lying is being energetically carried on.

## New Airship Invented.

Col. Kenard, of France, has submitted to the Academy of Science a new aerial propeller two meters and fifty centimeters in diameter, absolutely rigid, resisting a wonderful degree of pressure in the air and weighing only three kilograms, or less than half of anything yet discovered. The extraordinary lightness is obtained by novel use of centrifugal force, which helps the rigidity of the propeller.

## Evidently Considered a Joke.

A Beloit, Wis., young man after being joined in wedlock by a Rockford, Ill., preacher offered him ten cents for performing the ceremony. The Chicago Record Herald remarks that this is another proof of the fact that marriage is not always taken as seriously as it should be.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Dec. 28.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 50 @ 3 50
Heavy steers	5 10 @ 5 25
CALVES—Extra	7 00 @ 7 25
HOGS—Ch. packers	4 70 @ 4 75
Mixed packers	4 60 @ 4 70
SHEEP—Extra	4 40 @ 4 50
LAMBS—Extra	6 85 @ 7 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	6 10 @ 6 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 20 @ 1 20
No. 3 winter	1 12 @ 1 12
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46 @ 46
No. 2 white	46 1/2 @ 46 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	33 1/2 @ 33 1/2
No. 2 white	34 @ 34
RYE—No. 2	83 @ 84
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 75 @ 12 75
PORK—Clear mess.	12 80 @ 12 80
LARD—Steam	6 87 1/2 @ 7 00
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	29 @ 29
Choice creamery	30 @ 30
APPLES—Choice	2 50 @ 3 00
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 60 @ 1 65
TOBACCO—New	5 00 @ 13 00
Old	4 50 @ 14 75

Chicago.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 15 1/2 @ 1 17 1/2
No. 3 red	1 00 @ 1 12
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	45 @ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	29 1/2 @ 29 1/2
RYE—No. 2	72 1/2 @ 72 1/2
PORK—Mess	11 30 @ 11 40
LARD—Steam	6 75 @ 6 75
LARD—Steam	6 77 1/2 @ 6 77 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str.	5 25 @ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 20 1/2 @ 1 20 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 1/2 @ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
PORK—Family	14 00 @ 14 50
LARD—Steam	7 20 @ 7 20

Baltimore.	
CATTLE—Steers	3 75 @ 4 50
SHEEP—No. 1 fat	2 50 @ 3 00
LAMBS—Choice	6 00 @ 6 50
CALVES—Choice	8 00 @ 8 50
HOGS—Dressed	6 25 @ 6 50

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 18 @ 1 18
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	55 1/2 @ 55 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	33 1/2 @ 33 1/2
PORK—Mess	11 00 @ 11 00
LARD—Steam	7 00 @ 7 00

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 18 @ 1 18
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	45 @ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	33 @ 35

## NOT SUCH A FUNNY TRICK.

Drummer's Joke on Waiter Turned Out a Costly One On Himself.

"I suppose there comes to every man a desire to do something smart on an occasion," said the drummer, as a sign took the place of his smile, according to the New York Times.

"Well, such a desire came to me as I was leaving a certain southern city after a week's stay. The waiter at my table had called me 'General' and been at great pains to care for me and I made up my mind to reward him with a \$3 bill. It was a counterfeit with which I had been stuck, but I thought it would be the biggest kind of a joke to work off on Bob."

"I had got a hundred miles away when I was arrested on a telegram for passing counterfeit money, and when taken back I was arraigned in a United States court and had to give bail and appear on three different occasions. I had a lawyer and other expenses, lost a good three weeks altogether and just escaped prison by the skin of my teeth. In addition to this I had to make good to the waiter, who sorrowfully shook his head when he received the money and said:

"I'm sorry for you, General, but this may be the means of saving your contemptible soul from the gallus!"

## JUST LIKE PRISON ROUTINE.

Boastful Traveler Brought to a Pause by a Very Embarrassing Question.

The scene was a third-class smoking compartment, five on a side. The speaker was stout, florid, with short-cut gray hair, and was very self-satisfied. The effeminate degeneracy of modern young men was his theme, relates London Tit-Bits.

"Look at me! Sixty years of age—never had a day's illness in my life, and can do my four miles an hour! Why? Because from when I was 20 to when I was over 40 I lived a regular life. No delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine, got up at five, lived principally on porridge, worked hard—hard, mind you, from eight to one, then dinner, then an hour's work, and then—

"Beg your pardon, guv'nor," interrupted a young working man sitting opposite, "but wot was you in for?"

## Enough for Her.

Myra—But I am told your fiancé has no education.

Isabel—Oh, yes, he has. He is able to sign checks for at least half a million.—Chicago Daily News.

## Found at Last.

Hensley, Ark., Dec. 26th.—(Special.)—That a sure cure for Backache would be a priceless boon to the people, and especially the women of America, is admitted by all interested in medical matters, and Mrs. Sue Williams of this place is certain she has found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the long-sought-for cure.

"I am 38 years old," Mrs. Williams says, "and have suffered with the Backache very much for three or four years. I have been treated by good physicians and got no relief, but thanks to God, I have found a cure at last and it is Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken only one box and it has done more good than all the doctors in three or four years. I want all sufferers from Backache to know that they can get Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

Backache is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. Guard against Bright's Disease or Rheumatism by curing it with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is a wide difference between the voting machine and machine voting. The one resembles mechanically a cash register, indicating money received; the other often registers cash disbursed—a vital distinction.—Youth's Companion.

## BEAUTIFUL SKIN,

Soft White Hands and Luxuriant Hair Produced by Cuticura Soap.

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for curing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, for annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

It is a Parisian doctor who insists that love is the result of a microbe. Then let science take warning and leave the tender germ undisturbed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Are You Going to Florida or New Orleans?

Tickets on sale via Queen & Crescent Route and Southern Railway to Florida, New Orleans and other points south at greatly reduced rates, good returning May 31st, 1905.

Also variable route tickets good going to points in Florida and Cuba via Atlanta, and returning via Asheville. For rates and other information address: W. A. Beckler, N. E. A., 113 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

D. P. Brown, N. E. P. A., 11 Fort Street, W. W. W. Dunaway, T. P. A., Warren, Ohio. W. C. Rinearsen, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A three-year-old boy of Machias, Me., walked eight miles over rough country roads the other day. That boy will grow up to be a great actor.—Ohio State Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

A Salt Lake doctor has found a new drug which he declares is better than castor oil. And it wouldn't have to be very good at that.—Indianapolis News.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A mother could tell her daughter lots about helping out her lover if she dared to give herself away to her.—N. Y. Press.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

You need not be a shadow because you are not a sun.—Chicago Tribune.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N. Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W. C. T. U., tells how she recovered from a serious illness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of all my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lillydale, N. Y.

Thousands upon thousands of women throughout this country are not only expressing such sentiments as the above to their friends, but are continually writing letters of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham, until she has hundreds of thousands of letters from women in all classes of society who have been restored to health by her advice and medicine after all other means had failed.

Here is another letter which proves conclusively that there is no other medicine to equal Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with poor health for over seven years, not sick enough to stay in bed, and not well enough to enjoy life and attend to my daily duties properly. I was growing thin, my complexion was sallow, and I was easily upset and irritable. "One of my neighbors advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I procured a bottle. A great change for the better took place within a week, and I decided to keep up the treatment. "Within two months I was like a changed woman, my health good, my step light, my eyes bright, my complexion vastly improved, and I felt once more like a young girl. I wonder now how I ever endured the misery. I would not spend another year like it for a fortune. I appreciate my good health, and give all the praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. TILLA, 407 Habersham St., Savannah, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of such letters. \$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

**WINCHESTER**  
LEADER" and "REPEATER" SHOTGUN SHELLS  
The proof of the shell is its shooting. Because they shoot so well, Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" and "Repeater" Smokeless Powder Shotgun Shells have won almost every important prize shot for in years. Good shots shoot them because they give better results, shoot stronger and more uniformly and are more reliable than any other make. ALWAYS SPECIFY WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS

**THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND**—CERRODANIE RHEUMATIC CURE, A Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in Capsules. Write TO-DAY for Free Booklet which contains our new theory—the cause and cure of Rheumatism and many testimonials. These capsules destroy and remove the cause of Rheumatism. CURE MUST FOLLOW. Price by Mail, \$1.00; 5 Boxes for \$5.00. Manufactured by CERRODANIE CO., Decatur, Ill. For sale by T. P. TAYLOR & CO., Third and Jefferson Sts., Louisville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED. Cut this ad. out as it may not appear again.

**About His Raisin.**  
"Who's that skeetin' along in that big automobile?"  
"That's Jones—the successful author."  
"Why—he used to ride in an ox-cart!"  
"Hush!—he wouldn't be seen in one now. He only makes his money by writin' about ox-carts, an' the poor folks that ride in 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Too Much to Expect.**  
"See here, landlord, must I sit here forever before I get the half chicken that I have ordered?"  
"Oh, no, sir! I'm only waiting till somebody comes and orders the other half. Of course, I can't kill a half a chicken!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

If a man shows genius in killing and maiming thousands of his fellow creatures we give him rank, high pay, fame and adulation, but leave those who by patient, unselfish toil with meager remuneration bring benefits to all mankind to plod on, unrecognized and unrewarded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The hen patiently "sets" only through the overpowering pressure of a mysterious creative impulse that masters her restless impulses to be outside scratching and cackling instead of working for posterity.—Boston Herald.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
The Old Monk Cure for Pains and Aches of the human family, relieves and cures promptly. Price 25c. and 50c.